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THE HORRORS OF A MONASTERY.

[Continued from our last.]

"HENRIQUE," said he, a little more composed, "forgive these transports of despair.

"I am more interested than thou conceivest in thy narrative; hasten then, hasten to the conclusion of it. By every sacred tie that these monsters have violated, I swear there is not a peril I will not encounter, to lift the records of this scene of bloodshed to the bottom."

"There are here then," resumed Henrique, "some distant concealed places, which we must first discover. My apartment is in the farthest end of several galleries, and in a remote part of the convent. At different times, since I first came hither, I have heard low noises at midnight, like the locking of doors. I never could discover what they meant exactly, or the precise part whence they proceeded. I once hinted it in presence of Peter, whose countenance was instantaneously and visibly altered, to a livid paleness. He in vain endeavored to conceal his emotion from me. I did not, however, then seem to notice it, nor broached the subject again, lest I should give him cause to perceive my suspicions, when a further and a stricter concealment on his part, might prevent detection upon mine. Some little time ago, in the middle of the night, I heard a distant noise of two persons struggling, from one of them I distinctly perceived a faint scream, and presently the locking of the door I had formerly observed."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bernard, "it is too true. It was, it was Elmira."

"There is a woman here in distress," resumed Henrique, "I am sure of it, and now is the time to rescue her. Through a chink, I yesterday remarked the abbot and his partner in earnest conversation. It was then I marked, among other broken sentences, these words: 'What shall we do with her,' cried one. 'Let her starve,' replied the other. 'Ha! sayest thou,' cried Bernard in extreme agitation, while a thousand thoughts flushed across his brain; 'what then is to be done?' 'Put off your shoes,' said Henrique, 'give me that lamp, and follow me.' They now went without the smallest noise to the cell of Henrique.

Henrique and Bernard were going to proceed in their search, when the former quickly extinguished the lamp, and laying hold on Bernard's arm, "Stand," said he softly, "I hear a noise." A light struck across the gallery, and in a little time after, they saw Peter glide before the cell without observing them. In a few minutes they heard a door opened. Henrique instantly ventured out, and went as swiftly as caution would allow him, to the place whence he guessed the noise came. He applied his ear close to the wall. He heard the sound of footsteps, which reverberated along the vault. He called on Bernard, who joined him. "Remain here," said he, "till I go and follow him."

He groped for the door, which he found at length half open. He went forward along several

passages, and down three or four flight of stairs, till he at last came to a turn of the vault, where he perceived the beam of rays from Peter's light; he judged it prudent to go no farther. He awaited the breaking of the silence, with a beating heart. At length he heard the abbot begin with these words: "Most wayward of women still to reject thy happiness; but it is well, and thou hast roused my vengeance,—prepare thyself. Three days longer thou shalt have to deliberate. If thy resolve be still the same, the next morning, Elmira, thou shalt die."

Henrique had now learned enough. He hurried back to his friend. They resought the cell of the former. There they remained till the abbot returned, locked the door of the vault, and measured back his steps till they were lost in silence. Henrique now repeated to Bernard the words he had heard. Bernard insisted upon instantly awaking the monks; but was prevailed by the other to restrain his motions, and reflect how strong a party they had to contend against.

"Here," added he, "I have procured some cords; tying these together, we can let ourselves down from the window, and trust to Providence to guide us safely down the rocks. We may, then, easily procure horses, and be to-morrow early at the castle of the Count your father. There we will speedily assemble as many vassals as will serve our purpose, and the justice of our cause shall give us strength to force our march back to the monastery, ere the time expire for Elmira's destruction." The proposal inspired with ardour, they set about the execution of it, and soon found themselves on the tops of the rocks.

The full moon shone forth in all her splendor, not a breath of wind glided along the stillness of the waters, and the moon-beams sporting on their bosom, displayed all nature arrayed in sable majesty. After a little search, they found a descent sloped more gradually than the others, this they attempted, and assisting each other, arrived at length upon the shore. Bernard cast a wishful look on the Abbey. A sudden chillness ran through him. Something whispered within his breast that he should see Elmira no more; but to return was now impossible. They, therefore, bent their way to the cottage where Bernard used to reside. Having awaked the faithful peasant who was the owner of it, they were furnished by him with horses. They made him promise to have the neighborhood assembled on the second night, that they all might join in their cause, for these were attached to Bernard while he dwelt among them, and their honest hearts would prompt them to shew their gratitude, by risking their lives for him.

After a little refreshment, which the cottager brought out to them, and being provided by him with money, they set out full speed; they had to travel the whole breadth of Catalonia. They expected to meet fresh horses in the way, which they did not despair of, as the Saracens had left in every part of Spain their breed of Arabian couriers, which were the finest in the world.

They flew then swiftly along a beautiful valley at the foot of the Pyrenees, where nature had lavished her bounties on the plain. The still moon rode above, and pointed out their way with her silver lamp.

The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the very elements were hushed in repose. No sound was heard but the clattering of their horses' hoofs.

The poor animals had now exhausted their last remains of strength. Bernard, who knew every bit of the road, seeing a light at a little distance from it, said, it came from the castle of a friend of his, and dismounting, went quickly on, requesting Henrique to follow with the horses. Bernard roused a servant, who knowing him, instantly procured him the best horses in the stable. Henrique did not make his appearance, but the time was too precious to be spent in seeking him. Bernard set out alone, charging the servant that if his friend should arrive, his master should receive him. He now proceeded with incredible velocity, being better mounted than before.

The purple streaks along the heavens proclaimed the break of day. The mists were gradually dispersing. The birds began to chirp their greeting to the opening dawn, and at length the sun burst from the horizon behind him, and poured a stream of glory on the world. Last of all, the peasants came forth to their daily toil, and began to lead their cattle to the brook. Bernard inquired of one of them, how far it was to the castle of Arragon, and found he had as yet but a little more than half completed his journey. He exchanged horses with the peasants as he went along, making up to them with money the disproportion, where there was any, and he at length arrived two hours before noon at his father's house, which stood upon the eastern frontiers of the province.

He briefly told his errand to the Count, who gave instant orders, that an hundred horse should assemble in the court with all precipitation. Meanwhile, Bernard was prevailed on to retire to rest.

He threw himself on a couch, but the agitation he laboured under made sleep a stranger to his eyelids. He started up, and with a hurried step walked up and down the room, often looking out if the horses were arrived. At length, worn out with the excessive lassitude his long journey had occasioned, he sunk to the ground, and was visited by a deep slumber. But even there, his busy imagination refused to be at peace; it presently carried him to the prison-house of Elmira; he saw the malignant arm of Peter raised, grasping a knife to point it at her breast. In rushing between them in a fit of desperation, the fancied effort awoke him. He went once more to the window, and saw with pleasure that all was ready. He flew down to the court, bade an affectionate adieu to his father, and mounted his proud courser, which stood rearing his head on high, and impatient to be gone. He let loose the reins and led the way.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.
ON THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

MR. EDITOR,

SUCH is my theory of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents in different families, we shall find that they all confirm this doctrine. That it is the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be confined in a jail for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, in all intents and purposes, a disease arising from numerous causes.

SYMPTOMS.

The symptoms of scolding are these: a quick pulse, generally about one hundred in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, or reside near fishmarkets; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times in the course of the fit, the colour comes and goes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and as the disorder advances, it become hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases, very suddenly go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look, especially if strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too, is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms may be supposed, will very considerably in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exaltation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated, the throwing down of a china basin, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because these causes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, leave a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these, the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak stick, a horse-whip, or a leather strap or belt, which however, are liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended Argumentation; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be in some degree prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient; but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of obedience, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropical case, or curing the burning fever, by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; because the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *SECUNDUM ARTEM*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered.

Take—Of common sense, thirty grains.

DECENT BEHAVIOUR, one scruple.

DUE CONSIDERATION, ten grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with ONE MOMENT'S THOUGHT, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

August 2, 1796. CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

ON FEMALE SIMPLICITY.

NATURE only is lovely, and nothing unnatural can ever be amiable. The genuine expressions of truth and nature are happily calculated to impress of the heart with pleasure. No woman, whatever her other qualities may be, was ever eminently agreeable, but in proportion as distinguished by these. The world is good-natured enough to give a lady credit for all the merit she can possess or acquire, without affectation. But the least shade or colouring of this odious foible brings certain and indelible obloquy on the most elegant accomplishments. The blackest suspicion inevitably rests on every thing assumed. She who is only an ape of others, or prefers formality, in all its gigantic and preposterous shapes, to that plain unembarrassed conduct which nature unavoidably produces, will assuredly provoke an abundance of ridicule, but never can be an object either of love or esteem.

No one perhaps can form a more ludicrous contrast to every thing just and graceful in nature, than the woman whose sole object in life is to pass for a fine lady. The attentions she every where, and uniformly pays, expects, and even exacts, are tedious and fatiguing. Her various movements and attitudes are all adjusted and exhibited by rule. The simple and beautiful delineations of nature, in her countenance, gestures, and whole deportment, are habitually deranged, distorted, or concealed, by the affected adoption of whatever grimace or deformity is latest, or most in vogue.

She accustoms her face to a simper, which every separate feature in it belies. She spoils, perhaps, a blooming complexion with a profusion of artificial colouring. She distorts the most exquisite shape by loads or volumes of useless drapery. She has her head, her arms, her feet, and her waist, equally touched by art and affectation, into what is called the taste, the ton, or the fashion.

Heaven has not a finer or more perfect emblem on earth, than a woman of a genuine simplicity. She affects on graces which are not inspired by sincerity. Her opinions result not from passion and fancy, but from reason and experience. Candour and humility give expansion to her heart. She struggles for no kind of chimerical credit, disclaims the appearance of every affectation, and is in all things just what she seems, and others would be thought. Nature, not art, is the great standard of her manners; and her exterior wears no varnish, or embellishment, which is not the genuine signature of an open, undesigning, and benevolent mind.

In short, whatever appears most amiable, lovely, or interesting in nature, art, manners, or life, originates in simplicity. What is correctness in state, purity in morals, truth in science, grace in beauty, but simplicity, a woman is a vixen, a coquette, a hypocrite; society, a masquerade; and pleasure, a phantom.



UNCOMMON VORACITY.

A Gentleman Professor at Wittemburgh, has published an attested account of a gardener lately discovered, of the name of Jacob Kahleas, who not only consumed an immoderate quantity of all kinds of food, but several other substances, such as Walnut shells. When at gentlemen's houses, he would frequently eat pastry, with the vessels that contained it, and would at other times swallow the glasses out of which he drank. His teeth were so strong and sharp that he could split the thickest deals with the greatest facility, and would often perform that service for the maids of the house. Rats, mice, moles, and live fowls he looked upon as the most exquisite dainties. And at one time, unthinkingly, he is said to have swallowed a pewter inkstand, with the pens, sand, &c. This was verified upon the oath of an eye witness. At another time, he devoured a pair of bagpipes in the presence of several people, and turning upon the piper, the man was so terrified that he jumped out of the window. These, and exploits of a similar cast, gave the common people an idea that he was assisted by an evil spirit, in consequence of which the clergy of the place examined a number of witnesses, but as no crimination followed, he died peaceably in the 79th year of his age.



MAXIMS.

RECONCILIATION with enemies is owing to a desire of bettering our condition; the fatigue of war, and an apprehension of some untoward event.

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done, as the fear of consequences.

ELIZA.

"AH! why, ye prospects of my early days,
Look'd ye so fair? Why were your hills and dales
So pleasant to the view? Why blew the gales
With such a mildness on your verdant furf?

Though oft ye dictated my joyous lays,
Reclin'd upon your flow'ry-mantled turf,
Now sad occasion of my mournful strain,
Ye smil'd but to deceive,

Ah! why did I believe
Your scenes would last for aye? Idea vain,
For bliss ecstatic is of durance short.
When comes the dæmon Care and spoils our sport,
And all our pleasure mingles still with pain.

"Mourn, mourn ye shepherds: ye have cause to mourn,
By Hudson's silver stream, your flocks who feed,
Sit by the willow, and the fable weed
Put on, and pluck the mournful yew,
For she is dead who has not left her peer:
Sunk is the beam so lovely to the view,
That gain'd new lustre with each new-born year,
Fled like the vision, never to return.

"And you, ye fair companions of her youth,
Tho' she out-shone you far in beauty's bloom,
Do ye not weep the loss ye now sustain,
Of conversation sweet, the pleasing strain
Of friendly wit; wit aye attun'd to truth,
For she knew not the tell-tale to assume.

Yes, yes, I see you mourn,
Wet are your cheeks, and sunk the rival's hate;
And as ye pass her urn,
Ye drop the tear, and wail your coming fate.
Ah! thought distracting, must these angel forms
Grow lifeless, black, to ruthless worms a prey,
To dust fast moulder in the narrow grave?
Yes, such the sentence, tho' severe ye say.
If worth or beauty had the pow'r to save,
Of faith or charity could life rescue,
Eliza yet had liv'd, for these she knew.

"Whither flew ye, guardians of the fair,
When mild Eliza died? For ye were wont
To hover o'er her and attend her lay;
Your constant pleasure and your anxious care,
That she should ever, as the youthful May,
Wear Nature's fairest garb in bloom of health
Attracting ev'ry eye with modest look,
The brightest semblance of the purest mind.
But ye were absent, and Disease by stealth,
Who treach'rous of occasion apt does find,
Advantage of your heedless wand'rings took,
Nipt this sweet rose, that was the garden's pride,
And left it with'ring the green sod beside;
Intent each future pleasure to annoy,
Blasting the lover's hope, the parent's joy.

"Why roll ye now with such impelling force,
Clear Northern Stream, your varied banks along?
When last I saw you, you roar'd not so hoarse,
Nor the wood minstrels frighten'd from among
The beechy coverts; smooth ye flow'd I ween,
Nor one curl'd wave was on your bosom seen.
Tho' then each mountain high and valley low
Ye pass, wore the drear winter's suit of snow,
And the chill bird had taken its airy flight,
Yet stern-fac'd Winter look'd a blooming Spring,
The lightsome hours pass'd by on fleeting wings,
For then Eliza liv'd, and the charm'd sight
From every prospect gather'd fresh delight.
But now she's dead, dead ere she travell'd far
In life's gay path. As the bright morning star,
A while unrivall'd holding forth its way,
Withdraws to Heaven at the rise of day,
So she withdrew from ev'ry mortal eye,
Withdrew, ye shepherds, to be seen no more.
And now, tho' ev'ry dale and ev'ry hill
With summer's suit of green is cover'd o'er,
And the woods echo to the shepherd's quill,
Yet these such pleasure yield not as before,
But prompt the tear of sorrow-boding sigh.

"Enjoy the fun, O ye who never knew
What 'twas to lose your bosoms held most dear,
Whose woe-unconscious eye ne'er dropt the tear,
But gave to laughter loving-Mirth his due;
Give me the gloom of yonder waving shade,
Which no rude noisy bacchanals invade;
Where sadly-musing Melancholy dwells,
And Memory her early passion tells.

There will I rest and shun the glare of day,
Save when, returning Spring's fair mantle spread,
I call each flow'r of variegated hue,
O'er lovely lost Eliza's tomb to strew;
Then to the shade retrace my lonely way,
And tune with the sad Whip-poor-Will my lay."

Thus sang the shepherd, in untutor'd guise,
In lays uncouth as first dame Nature taught;
For his plain measure knew not how to rise
Sublime; nor yet had he the spirit caught
Of him who forth such rapturous strains could send,
Who mourn'd the loss of Lycidas his friend
July 29, 1796. ABELARD.

SATURDAY, August 6, 1796.

A Gentleman, who arrived here on Thursday the 28th ult. in 14 days from Port-au-Paix, in the sloop Delight, Capt. Warner, informs, that the French frigate Medusa, had fallen in with, captured, and sent into the Cape, three brigs and one ship, British transports, with 400 troops on board, bound from Martinique to Port-au-Prince, and that they had arrived safe at the Cape.

Captain Lovett, of the schooner Chatham, arrived at this port on Tuesday evening, informs, that the schooner Citizen, of Baltimore, was robbed off Cape May, by a French privateer, 4564 dollars.

On Monday arrived at Philadelphia, the schooner Jupiter, Capt. Burbank, who picked up at sea Capt. Bird and his crew, seven in number, belonging to the snow Hannah, from New-York to Charleston, which foundered on the 29th ult. and brought them safe into Philadelphia.

PARIS, June 12. OFFICIAL PAPERS. ARMY OF ITALY.

Crossing of the Minico---Battle of Borghetto---Capture of the Forts of Peschiera and of the Magazines of Castelnova.

Bonaparte General in Chief of the Army of Italy, to the Executive Directory.

Head Quarters, Peschiera, 12 Prairial, 4th year, (June 1.)

Citizen Directors,

After the battle of Lody, Beaulieu crossed the Oglio and the Minico: he inclined his right to the lake of Garda---his left on Mantau, and erected batteries on the angles of this line, in order to defend the passage of Minico.

Head Quarters were established on the 9th at Brescia. I ordered General of Division Kilmaine, to march with 2500 cavalry, and 6 battalions of grenadiers to Desenzano, and Gen. Ruffa, with a half brigade of light infantry to Lalo. My intention was to induce Beaulieu to believe that I wanted to turn his flank by the upper part of the Lake to cut off the road of the Tyrol on the side of Riva. I kept all the division of the army in the rear, inasmuch that my right, with which I really meant to attack them, was only one day and a half's march from the enemy. I then placed the army behind the river Chénisa, where it appeared to be on the defensive, while General Kilmaine advanced to the posts of Peschiera, and daily had some skirmishes with the advanced posts of the enemy, in one of which the Austrian General, Lieptay, was killed.

On the 10th the division of General Angereau relieved that of General Kilmaine, which retrograded to Lonado, and arrived that evening at Castiglione. General Massena was then at Mount Chearo, and General Serrurier at Montze. At 2 o'clock A. M. all the divisions were in motion, directing their march towards Borghetto, where I had determined to cross the Minico. The enemy's vanguard, consisting of 3 or 4000 infantry and of 1800 horse, defended the approach of Borghetto. Our cavalry on a slow trot, flanked and followed by our carabineers and grenadiers charged them with much bravery, and put the enemy's cavalry in disorder and took from them a piece of artillery. The enemy then crossed the bridge demolishing one of its arches. The light artillery immediately engaged. We were endeavoring with much difficulty to mend it under the fire of the enemy's batteries. When about 50 grenadiers, with General Gardenne, a grenadier in height, as well as courage, at their head, threw themselves into the river, the water being up to their chins, holding their muskets over their heads. The enemy believing they saw the dreadful column that attacked them at the bridge of Lody flew. The bridge was mended with ease---our grenadiers instantly passed the Minico, and possessed themselves of Valeggio, the head quarters of

Beaulieu, who had just left it. However the enemy staggered and partly routed, were drawn up in order of battle, between Valeggio and Villa Franco, but we took good care not to follow them. They appeared to rally, and their batteries were increased and moved towards us. This was exactly what I wished. I had much ado to contain the impatience, or rather the fury of the grenadiers.

In the mean time General Angereau crossed the Minico---he had orders to move towards Peschiera, following the banks of this river, and cut off the passes of the Tyrol from the enemy---Beaulieu, and the wretches of his army, would then have been completely surrounded without a possibility of retreating. In order to prevent the enemy from perceiving the movement of General Angereau, I caused them to be vigorously cannonaded from Valeggio; but being instructed by their patrols, of Gen. Angereau's march, the enemy filed towards the road of Castelnova. A reinforcement of cavalry joined them at the same time, and enabled them to protect their retreat. Our cavalry commanded by Gen. Murat, did wonders---this General himself disengaged several of our light infantry whom the enemy were about making prisoners. The chief brigade of the 10th regiment of light infantry have equally distinguished themselves. Gen. Angereau arrived at Peschiera, found the place evacuated by the enemy.

On the 12th at break of day, we marched to Rivoli, but the enemy had already crossed the Adige, and broken down almost all the bridges. The loss of the enemy on this day, is computed at 1500 men, and 500 horse killed and taken prisoners. Among the latter is prince de Coutly, lieutenant Gen. of the armies of the King of Naples, and commander in chief of the Neapolitan cavalry. We have also taken five pieces of cannon, two twelve and three six pounders and seven or eight covered waggons, loaded with military stores. We found magazines at Castelnova, of which a part was already consumed by fire. General division, Kilmaine, had a horse wounded under him.

Thus are the Austrians totally expelled Italy. Our advanced posts are on the mountains of Germany. I will not mention the men who have distinguished themselves by their bravery to do this it would be necessary to name every grenadier and carabineer of the van guard they all defy and laugh at death. They are now well used to meet cavalry which they despise---nothing equals their courage unless it is the gaiety with which they undergo repeated forced marches. They sing alternately their country and the God of love. You would naturally suppose, that arrived at places destined for their rest, they would at least seek to enjoy some repose---But no, they amuse themselves by furnishing and planning the operations of the next day, and some of them often think very justly. The other day whilst seeing a half brigade filing off, a light Infantry man approached me and said, "General we must do so and so---" "Sir cried I, will you be silent?" and he instantly disappeared. I have since endeavoured to find him, for what he hinted was exactly what I had ordered, but I fought in vain.

Signed,

BOUNAPARTE.

The Commissary of the Executive Directory, near the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, to the Directory.

"Head-quarters, Raunem, 19th prairial, (June 7.)

"To announce another victory!--The brave Kleber has totally defeated near Altenkirchen, the body of Austrian troops which meant to stop his march; 12 pieces of cannon, 4 pair of colours, and more than 3000 prisoners, are the testimony of the triumph of the left wing of the army of the Sambre and the Meuse. Magazines of provisions, forage and ammunition, which were thought to be in safety by the enemy, have also been taken by them. He pursues the course of his success, and is actually on the Layn---Gen. Grenier has passed the Rhine at Neuwied, and has effected a junction with Kleber. This reinforcement enables him to act powerfully, and to cut in pieces the tardy succours which Prince Charles has sent to Wirtemberg. Gen. Jourden assists this operation by two regiments of cavalry, which are about crossing the Rhine to join the corps on the Layn. Never was there a diversion more scientifically conceived and more vigorously, more ably executed. Soon will the seat of war be entirely on the right bank of the Rhine.

"The Commander in Chief will forward a more minute account of the affairs at Altenkirchen, and will send you the colours taken from the enemy.

(Signed,

"JOUBERT."

P. S. In the first report of the affairs of Leig, we only supposed about 1000 or 1200 prisoners; we now find upwards of 2000---the hussar regiment of Barco alone, lost more than 600 men.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dow, Mr. CORNELIUS DAY, to Miss ANN HAMILTON, lately from Trinidad.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. WILLIAM JAMES, of this city, to Miss ANN READ, of Trenton.

On Sunday evening last, at the New Methodist Church, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Mrs. HESTER BLEECKER, widow of the late John Bleeker, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. ENOCH ELY, merchant, to Mrs. KEZIAH CAMP, both of Cats Kill.

How dear the wife of virtue pure, and love!

The richest gems her price is far above;

Not all the world's vast ills or charms can wrest

Her husband's welfare seal'd within her breast.

On Thursday evening by the Rev. Dr. Kuntzie, Mr. JOHN AIM, to Miss PEGGY MOORE.

The same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. WILLIAM WOODS, to Miss JEMIMA SIMMONS, both of this city.

DIED

On Monday night last, at New-Town, (L. I.) after five hours illness, in the 26th year of his age, Mr. PHILIP SKINNER, formerly of New-Jersey. By the death of this worthy young man, his parents are deprived of a dutiful child, and an extensive circle of acquaintance, of a very agreeable companion.

When life decays, by gentle means, and slow,

Calm and prepar'd we meet the certain blow;

But when by sudden stroke we yield our breath,

How dreadful then thy sudden call, Oh! Death!

Secure in health, in ease, affection's bloom,

This worthy man sunk swiftly to the tomb,

Reader, prepare! let this thy warning be,

The dart of fate may now be aim'd at thee.

Last Thursday afternoon, Mr. EBENEZER YOUNG, of this city, ship-builder.

* * "THE GOTHIC CASTLE," by ORLANDO, is our next.

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Pleasures of Health, Mrs. Chapone's Letters,

Mrs. Rowe's Letters,

Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,

Edwards' Enquiry, Devout Christian,

Edwards' on Virtue, Force of Truth,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

History, Miscellany, Novels, Stationary,

&c. &c.

JOHN VANDER POOL,
Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Contia's-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes.
Aug. 6

Court of Apollo.

TOM TACKLE.

TOM Tackle was noble was true to his word,
And if merit bought titles Tom might be a Lord;
How gaily his bark thro' life's ocean would sail,
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and honor the gale:
Yet Tom had a failing if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad;
He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
And the swiftest scoundrel that ever was seen,
For so said the girls and the landlards long score,
Would you know what this fault was, Tom Tackle was poor.

CHORUS.

Tom Tackle was poor, Tom Tackle was poor,
Would you know what the fault was Tom Tackle was poor

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galloon;
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,
Tom a trip took to jail an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prailers soon sat on his knee:
Then Tom was an angel, down right from heav'n sent,
While they had hands he his goodness shou'd never repent
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face;
Why d'ye wonder, cry'd one, you're serv'd right to be sure,
Once Tom Tackle was rich, now Tom Tackle is poor.

I ben't you see vers'd in high maxims and sich,
But don't this same honor concern poor and rich,
If it don't come from good hearts I can't see wherefrom,
And, dam' me, if e'er tar had a good heart 'twas Tom:
Yet, somehow or other, Tom never did right,
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight;
He, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,
Sav'd the Commodore's life, then he made such rare flip,
And yet for all this no one Tom could endure,
I fancy's as how, 'twas because he was poor.

At last an old Shipmate that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune that shook in the wind,
He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady this or no near.
His piñance is daily and yet Tom imparts,
What he can to his friends, and may all honest hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door
Just enough to be generous, too much to be poor.

WHITNEY WEST,

Comb Manufacturer,

No. 432, Pearl-street,

INFORMS his Friends and the Public in general, that he
Makes and Sells all kinds of Horn, Ivory, and Turtle-
shell Combs, of the first quality, and on the most reasona-
ble terms. All orders from the Country or City, left at
No. 432, Pearl-street, or at the Manufactory, in Harman-
street, will be duly attended to, Cash given for Cow and
Ox Horns, Ivory and Tortoise shells.

N. B. Any person wanting particular Combs, may have
them by applying as above.

April 28, 1796.

cg---tf.

Bills of Exchange.

FOREIGN and inland Bills of Exchange, elegantly en-
graved and printed, on superfine bank post, may be
had either bound or in sheets, or by the single set, by ap-
plying to JOHN BURGE, jun. Copper-Plate Printer, at
No. 167, William-Street, (the third door from the corner
of Beckman-Street.) Orders from any part of the United
States in the above line will be executed with the strictest
precision.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted to the above business.

July 30.

22 tf

Thomas Seaman, Tailor.

No. 1, Peck-Slip,

WITH gratitude informs his Friends and the Public
in general, that he has received by the latest arrivals,
a general assortment of the most fashionable Goods suita-
ble to the season, which he will sell on the most reasonable
terms, and hopes from the variety of articles and his exer-
tions to please, to accommodate every demand.

April 9.

9---tf.

HIRAM GARDINER, Ladies Shoe Maker,

RESPCTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, that
he has removed from No. 32, Cedar-street, to No.
114, Broad-Way, nearly opposite the City-Tavern; where
he has received by the latest vessels from Europe, a large
and general assortment of Ladies materials of the newest
fashion and best quality.

N. B. Ladies may be supplied on the shortest notice.
New-York, May 14, 1796.

11---tf.

Elegant Laces and Edgings.

A Beautiful assortment of white Laces and Edgings,
damask and plain table linen, from three to ten quar-
ters wide, superior in patterns and quality to any in this
city. Likewise a large assortment of coarse and fine mus-
lins, and a few elegant 4-4 and 5-4 silk shawls. Also, every
other article in the Dry Good Line wholesale and retail,
by

GEO. R. HENDRICKSON

March 5. 01 tf

No. 79, Maiden-Lane,

Formerly occupied by Mr. John Kingland.

Caleb Haviland.

MERCHANT TAYLOR,

No. 77, John-street, late Golden Hill,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general. Tha
he has received by the late arrivals, a general assortmen
of FASHIONABLE GOODS, viz. Broad Cloths of a superior
quality, Silk striped and spotted Cloths, clouded and strip-
ped Nankeens, Marfelles, Muslinet, Satins, and other
articles suitable to the season, which he will sell on the
most reasonable terms; and hopes, from the variety of ar-
ticles, and his exertions to please, to accommodate every
demand. An APPRENTICE wanted, A youth of about
16 or 17 years of age.

June 4.

14---tf.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, has removed from the shop, No. 59,
Maiden-lane, to No. 133, William-street,

AND takes this method to inform her friends and the
public that she has received in some of the best vessels
from London. Dress and half dress caps, bonnets, hats,
&c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Ele-
gant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fashies, and a variety
of ribbons,

New-York, May 2, 1796.

9 ot. f

Attention!!! Young Ladies.

At No 60, CATHARINE-STREET,

ARE taught the following branches of Education to Youth
of both Sexes, viz. Reading, Wrihting, Arithme-
tic, English Grammar, Latin and Greek, Geography, Com-
position, Speaking, Navigation, Guaging, Surveying, Men-
suration, Book-Keeping, and Tambouring to Young La-
dies, on the most reasonable terms; also, an Evening
School is now open for Young Men and Apprentices. Poor
Girls are taught Gratis on Sabbath Days.

16---tf.

Laces and Edgings.

JUST received, as Elegant an Assortment of White Lac-
es and Edgings, as ever has been exposed for sale in this
city; likewise Ribbons of the newest fashion, Silk Hosiery
of all kinds, both French and English, with a variety of
other Dry Goods, Wholesale and Retail, as usual, at
No. 114, Pearl-street, late Hanover-square.

JACOB WILKINS, Jun.

New-York, April 30, 1796.

9 tf

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPCTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and
particularly her friends, that she has removed to No.
35, Roodevelt-street, where she will thankfully receive
any commands in the line of her business, and flatters
herself that she will merit the future custom and appro-
bation of her employers.

Nov. 14, 1795.

83---t.f.

ISRAEL HAVILAND,

Boot & Shoe Maker,

HAS removed to No 243, Water-street, near Peck-slip,
a few doors east of his former residence, and hopes
for a continuance of the favors of his friends, and the pub-
lic, which will his be utmost ambition to merit.

11---tf.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS William Jones Cecil, of the county of
Otlego in the state of New-York, farmer, being
indebted to Jacob Watfon of the city of New-York, in the
state of New-York merchant, by bond, bearing date the third
day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hun-
dred and ninety four, in the penal sum of fourteen hund-
red pounds, current money of the state of New-York,
Conditioned for the payment of the sum of seven hundred
pounds like money, on or before the first day of November
next ensuing the day of the date of the said bond or obli-
gation. AND WHEREAS the said William Jones Cecil
did, by indenture bearing date the same day and year a-
fore said, to secure the payment thereof, mortgage to the
said Jacob Watfon, ALL those four certain pieces, parcels,
or quarter lots of land herein after described, situate, ly-
ing and being in the late county of Tryon; thereafter in
the county of Montgomery, and now the counties of Mont-
gomery and Herkemer, or partly in both, and in the state
of New-York; and being part and parcel of a tract on the
north side of the Mohawk River, now known and distin-
guished by the name of Jersey Field, heretofore granted
by letters patent under the great seal of the late province,
(now state of New-York) dated the twelfth day of April
in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and
seventy, unto Henry Glen and Alexander Campbell, and
ninety two other persons, which said tract is thus described:
Beginning at a white pine tree standing on the west side of
a creek commonly called and known by the name of Te-
caisharanda or Canada creek, which said pine trees was
formerly marked with a blaze and three notches, and a
hand holding an arrow, and with the figures 1764, for the
north east corner of a tract of land surveyed for Sir William
Johnfon, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty
four, by Isaac Vrooman. And this tract runs from the
said pine tree north seventy four degrees, east seven hund-
red and eight chains, then north fifty eight degrees, west
one thousand eight hundred and forty seven chains to one
other brook commonly called and known by the name of
Theifgo or Canada creek, then down the stream thereof as
it runs, including one half of the said brook, to the rear
line, or motherly bounds of the said tract surveyed for Sir
William Johnfon, then along the said rear line or motherly
bounds, south fifty eight degrees east, one thousand eight
hundred and forty seven chains to the aforesaid pine tree
where this tract first began, containing ninety four thou-
sand acres of land, and the usual allowance for high ways;
which said pieces, parcels or quarter lots of land intended
to be hereby granted are known and distinguished in the
deed of partition of the lots of the said patent, made and
executed by and between the proprietors of the said tract,
on the seventeenth day of November in the year of our
Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy three, and
also on the map or chart affixed to the said partition deed,
(which said partition deed and map therunto annexed are
duly recorded in the county of Tryon, liber A. fol. 100,
101, 102, 103, continued as far as 127) by the numbers
thirteen, twenty seven, eighty two, and eighty four, where-
of a moiety or half part of each of the said lots was by the
said partition deed, conveyed and set apart for and to the
said Henry Glen, and whereof it is intended by these pre-
sents to convey and grant as follows, that is to say, the
south-east quarter or fourth part of the said lot, number
thirteen, containing two hundred and sixty two acres and
one half acre, strict measure. The south-west quarter or
fourth part of the said lot number eighty-four, containing
two hundred and sixty two acres and one half acre of like
measure. The north-east quarter or fourth part of the said
lot number eighty two, containing two hundred and sixty
two acres and one half acre of like measure. And the
north-east quarter or fourth part of the said lot number
twenty seven, containing two hundred and sixty two acres
and one half of like measure. The said four quarter lots
containing together the full quantity of one thousand and
fifty acres of land, strict measure, together with all and
singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto be-
longing or in any wife appertaining. AND, WHEREAS
the condition of said bond not having been performed, Notice
is therefore hereby given, to all whom it may concern,
that by virtue of a power contained in the said mortgage,
and pursuant to the act in such case made and provided,
the said above described premises will be sold by public
auction, at the Tontine Coffee House, in the city of New-
York, on the first day of November, next ensuing the date
hereof, at twelve o'clock of the said day. Dated the 28th
day of March, in the year one thousand seven hundred and
ninety six.

JACOB WATSON.

April 9, 1796.

06---6m